

[Transcription begins]

#9 Monday - 11-22-43

Dear Douglas:

Another Monday morning and a chance to talk with you for a short time. It is a typical New England November day here, rather chilly and a drizzling rain, dark enough at breakfast time so that we had to have the electric lights on but Daryl makes it bright enough at any time. This morning she sat in her high [chair] laughing and talking in her own particular jargon and chewing away on a piece of zwieback.

Yesterday afternoon Dad and I wheeled her down to the Buffum's with Chip on the leash and felt quite young again although Dad told me that no one would mistake us for anything but grandparents! Tommie and Timmie were both home for the weekend but Tommie was a pretty sorry sight, having eaten some tripe down town the day before which had given him a severe case of food poisoning and he had lost four pounds during the night between nausea and diarrhea! Mrs. Buffum had also been equally upset but Tom Sr. had ordered something else and Tim had not been with them. I felt sorry for young Tommie for he was facing that long, horrible trip back to Norfolk which under the best of conditions, I understand, is not too pleasant. He could give us no idea of his future except that he rather expects to be basing on the Atlantic Coast but knows that his ship is being overhauled to a very great extent so that he realizes some especial mission is planned for them. Except for the local upset he has been well and in good spirits, and had had a letter from you, evidently just before you left this last port.

Before I forget it, we have enjoyed the cartoons which you have enclosed from time to time in your letters and your own graphic sketches are also enjoyed.

Marilyn and I had the privilege of attending one of the Community Concerts through the kindness of Mrs. Buffum and Miss Allen who were not using their tickets. We heard Rise Stevens (pronounced Reesuh) a very charming contralto who has just co-starred in Bing Crosby's latest.

Bill was home Saturday and Sunday with the news of a transfer within the next two weeks. All the small patrol boats are being de-commissioned and

as the black-out has been suspended it must mean that the submarine menace seems to be much less for our coast. Of course he has no idea as to his future but the next two weeks will tell. He appeared in his new car, which cost him \$35 and really looked very good. He has been offered a substantial profit for it so I imagine will sell it now.

All of your Christmas gifts for the Leach family and Grandma have arrived, even the one addressed "37 Clipper Street!" Our curiosity is great but under control and we have put them up on the bed in your room. It was thoughtful of you to take some of your precious leave time to shop for us.

We wrote Blanche and Jesse inviting them for Thanksgiving but a letter from Blanche asked us to come there instead as Jesse has a fear of being taken sick away from home. He is not too well having been in bed two days last week. So we are going down there by our own machine Wednesday night and returning Thanksgiving night. Marilyn had planned to go with us but now thinks she will not for there is a chance that Bill will return for one more visit and she would hate to be away if he does. He may get home before and if so, then she can plan to go with us.

Dad went to church yesterday and heard Dr. Bratcher--he married us you know and is now head of the Baptist Servie [sic] to Service Men all over the United States. I believe he has been across the continent nine times this year.

Tonight Dad is having the Executive Committee of the CYMBC at the house. About sixteen expect to attend, we are serving them individual bottles of soda the first part of the evening, and hot Indian pudding topped with vanilla ice-cream and coffee about ten-thirty. Marilyn and I will sit in the kitchen with the little radio.

Dad has just had my diamond re-set and it is the most gorgeous ring you can imagine. It is one that he bought from Stafford Allen several years ago and to it we added two other diamonds from a ring Nana had and put in a modern setting, it is very lovely.

I saw Pixie sitting on the Potter's piazza the other afternoon. His fur just glistened and his big yellow eyes were like two topazes. Some cat.

This takes care of the news for this week, we can't possibly imagine what

you are doing at stated times, as we used to be able to, for we have no idea where you are, the climate, etc. but we hope that you are well, happy, well-fed and comfortable.

All our love to a grand son

Mother [Transcription ends]